

# **The Five Times Mike Said He Wanted to Marry Will, and the One Time Will Said Yes by orphan\_account**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

Mike tells Will he wants to marry him.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

beta'd by my girl abby @theglasspassenger!! thank u  
ily

1.

Will and Mike are five years old.

They sit together at their assigned table, two other kids across from them. They don't speak to the two other kids.

The teacher just finished her lesson on what marriage is. Now they were supposed to draw a picture of their families, with focus on their parents.

"Will?" Mike doesn't look up from his drawing when he speaks. Will does. "D'you wanna get married?"

Will pouts. "Boys can't marry boys. That's what my daddy says." Mike nods, understanding. He still frowns, though.

Neither of them speak for the rest of class.

2.

Will and Mike are eight years old.

They're supposed to be watching a movie in Mike's basement, but the small TV has been all but forgotten. They're both on the couch, criss-cross applesauce, facing each other. There are tears in Will's eyes.

"It *sucks*, Mike. No matter how much I try to convince myself I like girls, I never do. I never like girls. I know that I should, and that if I don't, it means I'm a queer, or a faggot, but I can't make myself like girls." Will is fully crying now. Mike's arms are around him, holding him close. Will isn't hugging back. He's just shaking.

"It's okay, Will. I promise. It's okay. I'll still be your best friend, no

matter what.” Mike closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and pulls back from Will, just far enough to make eye contact. He puts his hands on Will’s cheeks to wipe his tears. “You don’t have to like girls. Girls are dumb, anyway.”

“Girls aren’t dumb, Mike. Girls are pretty and nice and they smell good and they make good friends, but I’m supposed to marry one, and I don’t want to marry one. I want to marry a boy. But boys can’t marry boys.” Mike frowns and kisses Will’s forehead, trying to make Will feel better the way Mike’s mom has always made him feel better.

“Boys can definitely marry boys. And you’ll find a boy to marry, Will. And if you don’t, you can marry me. I’d be very happy to marry you.”

Will says nothing and grabs onto Mike’s waist, holding tight.

3.

Will and Mike are eleven years old.

Will is sitting on his bed, doodling what he’ll never admit are Mike’s few curls. Mike is sitting on the floor, leaning against said bed.

“Hey, Will?” Mike turns to look at Will as he speaks. Will puts his pencil down. “How often do you think about marriage?” Will shrugs.

“A lot, I guess. But not what normal people think of when they think of marriage. Instead of being happy and hopeful, I get sad and worried.” Mike furrowed his eyebrows, confused.

“Worried?”

“Yeah. I know you’ll be there no matter what, but I’m not so sure about the rest of the people I love. My mom and Jonathan. Dustin and Lucas. Nancy, even. I dunno if they’ll be there. And I dunno if I’ll be happy. I might end up marrying a girl, Mike. I might not marry anyone at all.”

“You can marry me if you need to. That offer’s still available. Always will be.”

Will still says nothing.

4.

Will and Mike are seventeen years old.

Mike shows up at Will's door at eight at night, asking if he wants to go out. Just the two of them. Never one to reject Mike, Will grabs a jacket and yells to Joyce.

"I'm going out with Mike!"

"Come give me a kiss before you go, sweetie. Mike, you too."

Joyce meets them at the door, gently demanding that each of them give her a kiss on opposite cheeks.

"Be back by midnight, or call by eleven if you decide to sleep over."

"Will do, Mom." Will smiles, and Mike salutes her with two fingers.

"I won't keep him out too late, Mrs. Byers. Promise." Will blushes.

Mike drives his old, beat up pickup out to a field, with no civilization for at least twenty miles in every direction. The whole way there, Will doesn't stop asking where they're going.

Parking, he looks over to Will. "I've got blankets and stuff in the back. Stargazing?" His eyes look innocent and hopeful, and Will decides he's never been more in love with Mike than in that moment.

"Of course." Mike hops out, so Will follows.

Mike's always kept an old mattress in the bed of his truck, for reasons he can't exactly explain. He just knows it comes in handy when he wants an escape. Will could use an escape.

There are no clouds in the sky, and the stars are more visible than Will has ever seen them. He can't look away.

Mike can't look away from Will.

Will is close to Mike; not exactly cuddling, but closer than platonic friends usually sat.

"Will? Can I ask you something?" Mike's voice is barely above a whisper. Will doesn't take his eyes off the sky.

"Of course. Anything."

"Can I kiss you?"

Will nearly chokes. He whips his head to look at Mike.

"Is this real? Are you really asking me that? Or is this a prank? Did Troy finally convince you that being friends with a fag is bad?"

"Will," Mike pauses, grabbing Will's hand and lacing their fingers together. "I would never do that to you if I didn't mean it. You know me. I really want to kiss you. For real."

Will takes a deep breath before nodding. "I want you to kiss me, too."

Mike grins, moving closer to Will, a hand on his face. Before either of them know it, they've been doing nothing but kissing for an hour.

When Will pulls away, grinning like an idiot, asking what they're doing, Mike responds, "Gotta make up for lost time, Will. We could've been kissing for years."

"No, I mean, what is *this* gonna be? I don't want to be your gay best friend who you made out with once just to see. I've been in love with you for as long as I can remember. Longer than I remember, I'm sure. I love you, Michael Wheeler, and I'm not going to let you break me."

Mike strokes Will's cheekbones with his thumbs. "I'm not gonna break you, Byers. Of course I'm in love with you. I've been saying I would marry you since I knew what marriage was."

Will smiles, remembering that day in kindergarten.

"Okay."

"Is that an okay to kissing me more, or an okay to us getting married?"

Will answers by kissing Mike square on the lips.

5.

Will and Mike are thirty-one years old.

They're laying in bed together, Will tucked under Mike's arm, their cat between Will's legs.

"Do you think we'll ever be able to get married? Right here in Indiana? Like, for real?" Mike has always known that he was going to marry Will. Even if he didn't realize it back then, he's always known.

"I'm not sure, Mike. We could always move to the Netherlands and get married there. That could be fun."

Mike sighs, kissing Will's temple. "I don't want to have to move halfway across the world to be legally recognized as your husband."

Will closes his eyes, leaning into Mike. "I know. I don't want to either. But it's either that or waiting an indefinite amount of time to do it here."

"We should wait, I think. I don't like being away from family. But we'll get married one day. I know it." Mike is confident.

"I don't like it, either." Will looks over at his alarm clock. It flashes 1:14 A.M. "It's late, though. Go to sleep. You have that big meeting tomorrow."

Mike strokes Will's arm, the two of them slowly drifting off to sleep.

+1

Will and Mike are forty-three years old.

They sit, anxiously watching the news to see whether or not gay marriage will be legalized in Indiana. Dustin, Lucas, Max, and El are there, as well as Jonathan, Nancy, Joyce, Steve, and even Karen. Everyone who mattered.

Will held Mike's hand tight. Dustin is stood behind the couch, rubbing Will's shoulders. Mike shoots him a weird look.

“What? He’s tense. I’m not gonna steal your man, Wheeler.” Mike just rolls his eyes and looks back at the TV.

The news anchor drones on, and Nancy whispers, “please,” to herself over and over.

*U.S. District Judge Richard Young has ruled in favor of same-sex marriage, striking down Indiana's same-sex marriage ban.*

The whole room sighs in relief. Nancy pulls out her phone to film, and Jonathan grabs his camera.

Mike drops to the ground between the couch and the coffee table.

“William Byers. I’ve been waiting my whole life to do this.”

Will interrupted, “Waiting? That’s a bit generous.” Mike grinned.

“Shush. Let me do my thing. Will, I’ve told you I wanted to marry you five times before. You rejected me the first time, but you didn’t answer the next four. I think you wanted to say yes, but you never thought the day would come when it could actually happen the way you wanted it to. You didn’t know if we’d be able to get married right here in Hawkins. But now we can. So what do you say? Do you want to marry me?”

There wasn’t a dry eye in the house, especially not Will’s.

“Of course I do, Mike. It’s all I’ve ever wanted.” Will pulled Mike up off the ground, and they kissed.

It was the most meaningful kiss they had yet.

Emphasis on yet.

## 2. Mike's Vows

We're here, Will. We're getting married. Sure took us long enough. I've asked you to marry me six times, now.

The first was forty years ago. We had just learned about marriage in our kindergarten class. Our teacher said that you marry people you love, but in a different way than how you love your parents and siblings. I knew, even then, that I loved you.

The second was a few years after that. I don't remember what movie was playing, but the TV was on. Your dad yelled at you, so you biked over to my house. We sat in my basement, and I held you while you cried. I told you it was okay to want to marry a boy. I knew it was. Y'know how? Because I was a boy who wanted to marry a boy, and it felt okay. It felt more than okay. It felt right.

The third was a year before you disappeared. I asked you how often you thought about marriage. I, personally, thought about it a lot. You said you were scared that you wouldn't end up getting married, or that if you did, it'd be to a girl, or that your family and friends wouldn't want to be there. We're all here, babe. All of us. Because we love you.

The fourth was the night of our first kiss. Your mom made us kiss her cheeks before we left, just like she always did whenever any of us said goodbye to her after everything calmed down. We drove out to that field, and I promised that I would never break you. I've kept that promise so far, and I don't plan on breaking it any time soon.

The fifth was, what, over a decade ago now? Damn, I feel old. I asked you if this day would ever come. A day where we could get married, right here in Hawkins. Where we wouldn't have to move to Amsterdam just to be legally recognized as the husbands we already were. That day is today, and I couldn't be happier. I love you, Will. So much.

The sixth was just a few months ago. The most important people in our lives were there. We were all watching the news, waiting to see if we could get married. We could. God, I was so happy. It's not our



wedding day yet, but I have a feeling I'll be happier than I was on the day that I properly proposed.

I love you, William Byers. I love you with everything in me. During our first kiss, under the stars, on the dirty mattresses in the bed of my shitty, chipped pickup, I knew for sure that you were it for me. I'm not going to break you. I'm not going to do anything but love you. I've been falling more and more in love with you every single day for the past forty years, and I don't think it'll ever stop. I love you, William Byers. I love you.

### 3. Will's Vows

Hey, Mike.

I've been in love with you forever. I'll be in love with you forever. I would say I'm not one to believe in soulmates, but we both know that's a lie. I'm a hopeless romantic. I do believe you're my soulmate, though.

Here come the cliches. My heart skips a beat whenever I make you smile. I feel at home in your arms. I start to miss you minutes after you leave. I probably shouldn't have admitted that last one, but it's true. I love you, Mike.

I'll always try to watch the things you're passionate about that I'm not, but I'll also always end up watching you instead. It's not my fault that you're beautiful when you're excited about something. I'll always pretend I don't notice when you do the same.

I'll always call you before I bring home a pair of kittens. That doesn't mean you'll always be able to talk me out of it, but I'll always let you know.

Your vows are definitely long and meaningful, but as of the time I'm writing mine, I haven't heard them. I just know I should probably say screw you, because this probably didn't top them. So, yeah, screw you, Wheeler. Screw you and your amazing writing talents.

I love you, Wheeler. A lot. But still, screw you.

#### **Author's Note:**

thank you for reading this!!! i haven't finished a fic in forever bc im not motivated but i really liked doing this one!!

dm me on twitter @pietrobergamo if you ever wanna talk about The Boys™ or have an idea for a fic you want written!! i'll see what i can do